**A Prank Gone Wrong** – Part 1
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(Author’s Note: The following is based loosely on a TRUE incident that occurred in Florida several years ago and was reported in a major metropolitan newspaper. All the major relevant details of this story actually happened. Only the first person narrative account and the names of the characters are fiction created from my wild imagination. After discovering this clipping that I had saved in my desk I couldn’t resist trying to fill in the blanks as to what might have led to these teenagers ending up in such a situation. The exact details of the incident upon which this story is based and the newspaper in which it appeared several years ago can be found in the epilogue at the end of this story,)

“So what are we going to do now?” I asked eagerly. “The football game is over and it’s still early on a Friday night.” It was my first time attending a high school football game and I was having the time of my life. My name is Carrie and I was out having fun with my friends, Kristi, Susan and John who was the only one of us to actually have a car. We had just won a big game against our cross-town rival and emotions were running high and I wasn’t ready to call it a night.

“I dunno Carrie, what do you want to do?” Kristi asked.

“I don’t care. Let’s just do SOMETHING. I certainly don’t want to go home yet.”

“Anyone got any money?” John asked as we drove along away from our school stadium.

“Nope”

“Me neither.”

“Flat broke,” I added regretfully.

“Too bad,” John said, “I was thinking I could try and score some beer or something.”

Just then a car went by honking its horn full of fellow classmates. As I looked over, I saw someone’s naked butt hanging out the passenger window. “WOO HOO!” I shouted pointing out the sight to my friends who all hooted and hollered. John even followed them for a while honking his horn drawing attention to whoever it was that was brave enough to expose himself like that. We all tried to figure out who it was but none of us could get a good look at his face.

We eventually lost them in traffic.

“Hey, anyone here want to try that?” John asked with a wicked smile.

“Why don’t YOU try it,” Kristi prodded. Sitting in the front seat next to John she was sure to get a great view if he did.

“Love too but I gotta drive. I think you should be the one to try it though,” he said looking at Kristi playfully. “I’m sure people would rather look at your butt than my hairy rear end. Besides, you’re in the best place to do it. The girls in back don’t have a window that opens.”

Of course we all were feeling pretty giddy so Susan and I joined in egging Kristi on, “Yeah, go on Kristi – MOON ‘EM!”

“Yeah right . . .”

“CHICKEN!” I taunted.

“Go on. No one will see your face. It’ll be fun!”

“Well . . .” Kristi said obviously tempted to give it a go.

“I KNEW you’d do it!” I shouted clapping my hands in rhythm chanting “Drop those shorts. Drop those shorts.” Susan and John joined in as we all waited anxiously to see if she’d really have the guts to do it. I wasn’t sure she would until I saw her undoing her seatbelt and sitting up on her knees. I don’t know who was more nervous her or me!!

“Drop those shorts . . . Drop those shorts!” the chanting continued which seemed to serve to bolster Kristi’s courage. She rolled down her passenger window and the night breeze electrified the air in our car.

“Don’t you DARE stop,” Kristi warned as she sat up fully on her knees.

“I won’t,” John reassured her.

I squealed with excitement. I couldn’t believe it! None of us had ever done anything so wild. In fact we hadn’t seen each other even in bathing suits and here Kristi was going to bare her ass to strangers!

“Wait until we get through this light,” John advised, “wouldn’t want to get stuck at a red light with your shorts half off.” John paced his car so that by the time we got to the intersection the light turned green. “Okay now!” he said as he slowly increased his speed.

Kristi nervously looked at the two of us in the back seat then in one quick move dropped her shorts slightly below her butt cheeks so that her crack was showing and stuck her hind end out the window! I almost had a heart attack when John gave a long, loud blast on his car horn! Unfortunately it was over almost as fast as it had begun. When I looked up Kristi was pulling her shorts back up and sitting down in her seat.

“Awwwww,” I pouted. “That doesn’t count! It was too short!”

Kristi was breathing heavily. “What a RUSH!”

“Go on do it again – LONGER this time!” Susan pleaded.

“You guys think I should?”

“Heck, YEAH!”

It didn’t take much convincing. “Okay!” she replied excitedly. “I’ll give those guys on the sidewalk up ahead a thrill. Watch THIS!” She then got up again and this time pulled her shorts and panties down to her knees and I could clearly see her dark bush even from where I was sitting in the back seat. I could only imagine the view John had! Kristi shoved her butt way out the window this time as John slowed the car and honked his horn as he approached the guys on the sidewalk. They all shouted their appreciation as Kristi wiggled her butt playfully giving them a good look.

Of course we all were cheering her on too shouting words of encouragement. After we passed the boys I expected Kristi to pull herself back in but she didn’t. “THIS IS FUN!” she shouted and kept on laughing and wiggling her stuff for all to see. She did this for several minutes then hauled herself back inside the car.

“WOW!” John shouted as he made no secret of watching Kristi pull her shorts back up. “THAT WAS AWESOME!”

I’ll confess to you all right now that I was as aroused sexually as I had ever been in my entire life! In fact I’m sure we all were. You could feel it in the air.

“Okay,” Kristi said, “who wants to be next?”

Of course at her words the car got deathly silent. None of us it seemed wanted to take part. We all only wanted to watch!

“Now who’s chicken?”

Trying to sound brave but giving a rational reason why I couldn’t I remarked. “I’d love to but I’m in the back seat. The window is small and doesn’t open. Looks like you’re the only one who can do it.”

Just then that rat fink of a driver, John, pulled into a shopping center parking lot and stopped the car. “Change places with her, Kristi.”

“Okay!” she gladly assented.

“But . . .”

It was no use. They weren’t going to let me out of it and truth be told I secretly didn’t want them to let me chicken out. Part of me wanted to experience what it felt like. So mustering my courage I got out of the car and waited outside as Kristi climbed in the back.

I felt fine until I closed my passenger door and John started driving again.

“This is sooooo cool!” Susan exclaimed. “I’m having the best time of my life!”

I sat nervously in the front seat having second thoughts about going through with it. That is until Susan started the chant, “Drop those shorts! Drop those shorts!” Everyone joined in and hearing the excitement in their voices I began to feel better. I got up and sat on my knees looking for an opportunity.

“Let’s drive around this shopping center again and have you moon the shoppers in the stores,” John suggested.

Out of somewhere as if in a dream I heard myself say, “Okay.”

John made a U-turn in the parking lot and headed back towards the long row of brightly lit stores. “Get ready . . .” he instructed as I put my fingers into the waistband of my shorts. “And . . . NOW!” he finally shouted. I got up on my knees and was so nervous I yanked my shorts and panties down much farther than I intended, like Kristi had done, revealing my pubes to everyone in the car. I squealed and was about to pull them up to cover my front when John shouted again, “NOW CARRIE!! DO IT!!”

Ignoring my frontal exposure to my friends, I quickly shoved my bare backside out the window and the cool night air rushing across my naked flesh really made my juices flow. I was laughing so hard, mostly out of embarrassment, that I barely heard the sound of John’s car horn blasting away as we slowly passed the large store windows. I do seem to recall a man’s voice yelling: “NICE ASS, BABY!”

As John turned to leave the parking area I climbed back into the car almost breathless. “WOW!!!” was all I could say as the others cheered me on.

I was so proud of what I had done all I could do was talk about it. “DID YOU SEE ME?! I DID IT! I REALLY DID IT!!”

Susan then exclaimed, “You go girl – flash that pussy!”

It then suddenly occurred to me what she was on about. I looked down and saw that my shorts and panties were still down around my knees as I sat there in the front seat giving everyone – especially John a great look at my pubes. I squealed at the top of my lungs and I couldn’t pull them up fast enough as everyone laughed.

**A Prank Gone Wrong - Part 2**
Of course Susan wasn’t going to get away with just being an observer. John once again pulled over and stopped the car. We all badgered Susan until she too took the front seat and mooned several people in various places. Of the three of us girls she was the most reserved barely uncovering her backside but still she did her part and shared in the excitement.

When she had done the deed it was like all the air was let out of our party balloon. “What are we going to do now?” Susan finally asked. Once again we were back where we had started – all ready to party but flat broke with nowhere to go. None of us wanted it to end. We were all having such a time pushing our limits of modesty. Individually none of us would have EVER had the gumption to do anything remotely that risky. But as a group we all felt safe. It was like we all gathered strength from one another – and most of all we shared the approval of our conduct.

After a few moments John spoke up, “Why don’t we go through the drive- thru at the Burger Joint on Nebraska Avenue? It’s always open late on Fridays”

“Ahh . . . HELLO, McFly? Did you, like, forget we are all broke?” I snapped sarcastically.

“No I didn’t forget. We don’t have to BUY anything. I thought maybe I could drive around and Kristi here could flash the poor soul having to work the window.”

“You want me to moon them?” Kristi asked almost enthusiastically.

“That would be kinda hard to do from the passenger side don’t you think? No, I was thinking maybe you could take your top off and flash your boobs.”

The car got silent as we all waited to see how Kristi would respond. “Hey, what about you, John?” she finally replied. “You haven’t had a turn yet. Maybe YOU should do the flashing this time. What do you say girls?”

“YEAH” I yelled. “Go for it John!”

“Okay,” John said, almost making my heart stop at the thought of seeing the first guy my age naked. “But I’m not sure taking MY shirt off will have the same effect as if Kristi did it.”

Everyone gave him lots of Boos and Catcalls. “We want to see you naked!” Susan said cutting to the chase. “Don’t tell us you’re chicken. Are you AFRAID of a mere three girls? What’s the matter ashamed of your cock?”

Despite our best efforts, John wouldn’t bite. I was sure our fun was going to come to an end when Kristi spoke up, “Okay, I’ll do it. But I won’t just take off my shirt. I’ll do it completely NAKED!” We all cheered her decision wildly. “But, on ONE condition.”

“What’s that?” John asked.

Kristi smiled from ear to ear and explained, “I’ll go through the drive-thru, like, totally naked IF everyone else does too.”

“WHAT?! NO WAY!”

“What’s the matter John? Don’t you want to see me naked?” Kristi teased.

Each of us weighed the pros and cons in our own minds. I’m sure I can speak for everyone there that night that each of us lived in mortal dread of showing our nude bodies to our friends BUT the desire to see what everyone else looked like was stronger than our fears. It was all so perverted, so exciting, so forbidden we just HAD to do it. After much wrangling we all agreed that we would all participate. We were all nervous about our decision but no one wanted to be the one who spoiled the evening by backing out. Besides whoever wrecked our fun by refusing to go along when all the others were ready to go would surely never live it down for the rest of the school year.

John pulled into the parking lot of a closed business and drove around back. We all anxiously sat there without saying a word waiting to see who would make the first move. Kristi finally said laughing, “What are you all waiting for? Last one in is a rotten egg.” We all laughed and began stripping. At first Susan and I just fiddled with our shoes and socks but then I realized that by dawdling I would miss the best part – seeing JOHN strip. I hurriedly yanked the rest of my clothes off and while holding them up to my chest to cover myself I leaned forward to watch our driver.

In no time at all John was naked and sporting the first male erection I had ever seen in an older boy! I was mesmerized and couldn’t take my eyes off of it. We were all giggling and carrying on making nervous little comments to ease the tension. Like me, the girls were using various articles of clothing to strategically cover the parts of their bodies that they were most apprehensive about. Susan was covering her boobs, Kristi held her shirt in her lap and John, well, he just let it all hang out.

John seeing what we were doing said, “Okay we all need to put our clothes in a pile and hide them under my seat. That way no one can chicken out at the last minute by covering up. Either we all do this or we quit right now.”

Kristi was the first to hand over her clothes and we all followed suit. John neatly stacked the articles and got out of the car and carefully placed it under his seat. I felt weird not having the safety net of something to use as cover and I’m sure I wasn’t the only one who felt that way.

We just sat there a few minutes and looked at each other making small compliments at how nice each of us looked then John started up the car again and we took off. I was apprehensive just sitting in the back seat of a darkened building but when John pulled back on the open four-lane highway I about freaked! It was all I could do to just sit there quietly.

It took a while to get to Nebraska Avenue which was a good thing a I’m sure we all needed the time to mentally prepare for what we were about to do. All too soon however the Golden Arches came into view. “Well, this is it,” John said excitedly and yes he was still excited as I could plainly see leaning forward against the front seat. Truthfully, I HAD to lean as I was so wet I was afraid I’d leave a wet mark on the seat cushion if I didn’t.

John pulled around to the Drive-thru order sign. Although the restaurant was super-busy there wasn’t anyone else in the Drive-thru lane but us at the time. “Welcome to . . . May I take your order,” the speaker cackled almost unintelligibly. It was a girl’s voice! John was in for it now, I thought – albeit relieved that it wasn’t a guy at the window.

“I’d like a small Coke please.”

“That’ll be . . . Please drive forward to the first window . . .” the girl said through the static-filled speaker.

“Someone’s going to get a thrill,” Kristi squeaked excitedly as she pulled her long hair behind her shoulders leaving her breasts uncovered.

John pulled the car forward slowly and stopped at the window. The girl was apparently talking to a co-worker that we couldn’t see then casually turned around and opened the window. “That’ll be . . . Oh MY! What’s this!” she said giggling. I was relieved she wasn’t mad as we all leaned forward showing off our stuff as she continued to smile.

“Hey! Check this out,” she yelled over her shoulder. “There’s a car full of naked people at my window.”

A teenage guy came to join the cashier at the window and Kristi proudly stuck out her chest and wiggled it teasingly at the young man causing her breasts to jiggle from side to side.

“ALL RIGHT!” he said enthusiastically as another girl joined him at the window.

“I see SOMEONE’S UP late tonight.” The new girl said laughing as she spied John’s boner.

The last thing I remember thinking before things went south was what a wonderful time I was having. Then I heard Susan, who was sitting right behind John, say “OH SHIT!”

“What?”

“THERE’S A COP IN THERE! DRIVE, JOHN, DRIVE!”

“A cop . . . Where?” John asked disbelievingly as he looked around the parking lot. “Are you sure? I don’t see anything.”

“Inside the restaurant. I saw him!” Susan said again in a panic.

“Awe, you’re just seeing things. Relax and enjoy the moment.” John replied, still strutting his stuff to the group of admiring girls at the window.

It was then that I saw the young man at the window making tilting motions with his head as if to warn us of something. I craned my neck to try and see if I could see anything but all I could see was the smiling faces of several more clerks now enjoying Kristi’s little show wiggling her chest back and forth.

Then we all were suddenly distracted by a blinding light coming from a flashlight shinning into our car. My heart stopped and for a moment. I was sure I was dead. It was a Cop! A Sheriff’s Deputy in fact in full uniform standing right in front of John’s car blocking our escape. He motioned for John to park the car in the row of empty parking spaces to our right.

I swear you could have heard a pin drop as we all sat there numb. Why did I have to go to that stupid football game I wondered? I should have just stayed at home like I usually did on Friday nights.

**A Prank Gone Wrong - Part 3**
John pulled the car over and shut off the engine. The Deputy then said in a forceful, authoritative voice, “Everyone out of the car, NOW and line up with your hands on the trunk.”

We all did as he commanded each of us exiting via the driver’s side door. Once we were outside the car he took hold of John’s hand and placed it behind his back as he motioned for us girls to follow him. We all had to stand there at the back of the car and place our hands on the vehicle – our bare butts sticking out awkwardly as we had to bend at the waist in order to reach the low trunk. I’m sure whoever bothered to look could see everything. He said some kind of code stuff into his radio and a street address then asked John if he had any I.D.

“It’s in the car.”

“What’s your name, son.” He asked and John told him. He asked all of us the same thing as we stood there naked and exposed to all the cars passing by on the street.

“It was just a little prank, officer,” John explained. “You know, we were just having a little harmless fun.”

“Uh huh, illegal fun, mister.”

Just then another patrol car came up with its blue lights flashing as if we didn’t have enough attention standing outside naked like we were. Another deputy got out of his car and joined his buddy standing behind us looking us over and chatting as we stood there.

“Have you run their I.D.’s yet?” the second man asked.

“No they’re apparently in the car and not in plain sight. I haven’t asked for permission to search yet.”

The first officer asked John for permission to search his car and to my surprise he refused!

“You have something to hide, sir?”

“No . . . I just don’t think you have the right to search my car that’s all.”

“You are the owner of this vehicle?”

“Yes, it’s my property and I’m refusing.”

“Have it your way,” The deputy said a bit irritated and walked off.

Things seem to go downhill from there. It was almost as if they were deliberately going to make our life hell in retaliation for John’s lack of cooperation. There was more radio talk and then the officers had us each stand up one at a time and place our hands behind our backs as we were each handcuffed. I had never been handcuffed before in my entire life and I can tell you I didn’t like it. I felt so totally helpless and vulnerable – especially as I didn’t have any clothes on. The deputies made us turn around with our backs to the car now facing traffic and stand there as they talked among themselves. I liked it better when our butts were the only thing people could see and our faces were hidden. Cars were passing us by as they left the drive-thru and everyone gawked at us making me feel two inches tall. All those people got a good look at our bodies especially those eating in the restaurant. The diners all seemed to move to the window and watch like a bunch of people happening upon a bad accident. We were definitely a spectacle. There were young professionals, older couples but mostly teens our age grabbing a late bite to eat on a Friday after the games. It was only a matter of time before some of our classmates came by. This was a popular spot for the high school crowd. I just KNEW I’d be recognized sooner or later.

The first officer made each of us stand alone next to the car facing them as they took our pictures with a Polaroid camera – several pictures in fact: one frontal, one from the side and one from the back. I’m not sure but they really seemed to be enjoying themselves even if they were only doing their jobs. The silly grins on their faces gave them away.

“Why are you taking our pictures? “ Susan asked in protest as she was led to the car and made to stand in front of the passenger door.

“Evidence.”

“Can’t we get our clothes back first?” she pleaded clearly mortified at being photographed naked. I could understand why as she was the least developed of us girls and seemed to be the most shy of all of us. Having a picture documenting her lack of endowment must have really been mortifying for her.

“Nope,” the Deputy replied. “The driver has refused to let us enter and search the car and your clothes aren’t in plain sight.” She started to whimper a bit as the Deputy stepped back and took a picture, the flash illuminating her nudity all the more to anyone who happened to be looking.

When it was my turn all I could think about was how humiliating this all was and whether or not I was going to jail. Why was John being such a jerk?

Just then an unmarked white car came with its blue lights flashing and parked next to the other one. It was a female sergeant. I was relieved and thought to myself that she would end this for sure. She seemed nice at first and wanted to know why we were standing around naked until she learned all the details and that John had refused to give permission for searching the vehicle. Her attitude changed almost immediately.

She approached John and stood right in front of him looking him over. She was pretty in a butch sort of way and her presence was clearly having an effect on him. “Have you been drinking?”

“No,” he answered, “Certainly not!”

“Why won’t you let us search your vehicle? You have anything in there that you don’t want us to find?”

“No . . . It’s just private property that’s all.”

“Look, sir, don’t make things worse for yourself. Just let us check things out, we’ll run your I.D’s and call it a night.”

“NO!” John replied standing his ground. I was beginning to really get angry at him for dragging this out. It was almost as if he was deliberately trying to piss them off or something.

The female sergeant looked down at the ground as if she was trying to think of what to say or do next. It was then she saw John’s penis growing bigger right in front of her. When it was completely erect she said, “Look son, better get that under control or you’ll be facing a lewd and lascivious charge on top of everything else.”

Her voice was all serious but as she turned to walk away from him I saw her crack a smile. “Call for the dog,” she instructed as she returned to her car.

We were kept there in front of the trunk naked and handcuffed for quite a while as more and more people drove by and saw us. It was as if the restaurant was becoming busier and busier for some reason. My face became flushed every time I made eye contact with someone looking directly at me.

Soon another car pulled up and a Deputy with a dog got out and headed towards the John’s car. We were told to move away from the vehicle and taken to the sidewalk right next to the large windows of the dining room full of people. Gone were the relative shadows of the parking lot. Now the bright lights above us illuminated every detail of our bodies to be sure. The dog walked calmly around the passenger side first and then when it got to the driver’s door it jumped up and barked several times.

“Probable cause to search,” the sergeant said. “The dog hit.”

“What does that mean?” I asked.

The first deputy explained. “It means the dog found some contraband and we have probable cause to search the vehicle without the owner’s permission.”

“What’s contraband?” I asked but the Deputy just walked off without answering me.

As we were standing there a car pulled away from the drive-thru window and stopped right in front of where we were standing. “Carrie? What on earth . . .”

It was Emma Stanley from school! I yanked on my cuffs in a fruitless effort to pull my hands around to cover myself but I only ended up hurting my wrists.

“My Gawd, Carrie, what have you been doing?”

I was so embarrassed. How could I even begin to tell her what was going on?

“Move it along miss,” the deputy said mercifully coming to my aid. As she reluctantly pulled away I heard her giggling. I knew then that my troubles weren’t really over as she would surely blab what she had seen all over campus on Monday.

The sergeant and one of the Deputies were meticulously combing over John’s car. This is taking forever! What are they looking for? Why don’t they just check our I.D.’s and give us our clothes back?! This is ridiculous, I thought. After all we’re not hardened criminals. It was just a harmless prank!

“FOUND IT!” I heard one of the male deputies say to the sergeant.

“Found what?” I half whispered to Susan who was standing next to me.

“Maybe they found where John hid our clothes under his seat.” Susan whispered back hopefully.

The deputies all huddled together talking as we stood on the sidewalk and then one of them came walking towards us. “Oh you guys are in big trouble now.”

**A Prank Gone Wrong – Part 4**
We were taken back to the car and once again made to stand at the trunk. “Is this yours?” the deputy asked John holding a large plastic bag containing something that looked like shredded dried green weeds up to his face. All the color drained from John’s face as he just stood there without answering.

The sergeant then held up the bag and showed each of us in turn asking, “Is this yours?”

“What is it?” I asked.

“Marijuana, weed, grass, mellow yellow, Mary Jane, call it what you want it’s dope and it’s illegal.”

I looked at the other girls and they seemed as shocked as I was.

“Unless one of you claims responsibility I’m afraid all of you will be going to jail tonight on drug related charges. There’s more in here than just for personal use.”

Each of us looked at each other wondering who was stupid enough to have that. Of course we all denied knowing anything about it.

Finally the sergeant said, “Charge him as it was found under the driver’s seat,” pointing to John and he was taken and put in the back of one of the patrol cars. She then approached us girls. “Look,” she said firmly. “There are two ways we can handle this.” We all stood silently realizing that we were all in big trouble. “I can take you all to jail, book you, finger-print you and then send you to Juvenile Hall to spend the night before appearing in front of the magistrate in the morning since you are all minors. Of course that means that you’ll all have criminal records and it might screw your chances of getting a good job or getting into a decent college. Or . . .” she paused for effect leaving us hanging.

“Or?” I asked hoping the alternative would be better than jail.

“Or I can use my discretion and assume that you three had no knowledge of the dope in the car and were just full of youthful spirits and failed to use good judgment by exposing yourselves in public like you’ve done tonight. You all should know better than to act like tramps.” She paused again looking us over judgmentally as we all anxiously waited for her to continue. “I can, if you promise not to pull any stunts like this again, release you to the custody of your parents. That is IF we can get a hold of them and they are willing to come down here and sign taking responsibility for you.”

“Oh we promise,” I answered quickly for the group. “Please don’t take us to jail.” The other girls all eagerly nodded their heads in agreement.

Susan then spoke up meekly, “Can we get our clothes back now?”

“Sorry girls. The car is being impounded under law as it was used in the commission of a crime. Your clothes are evidence as they were found hidden under the driver’s seat covering the plastic bag of weed. I can only assume that this was intentional on the part of the person being charged with possession.”

“That’s right, ma’am,” Kristi interjected. “HE was the one who put our clothes there.”

I looked over at Susan and all the color was gone from her face and she looked like she was going to be sick. “Does this mean we have to remain naked until our parents get here? They’re going to SEE us like THIS?! NAKED?!”

I was so relieved about having an alternative to going to jail that I hadn’t even thought about that and my heart began to race at that possibility.

“I guess so. Either that or you can go to central booking be charged and get a nice orange jumpsuit to wear until your parents pick you up in the morning; your choice. Why are you worried about someone seeing you naked? Hundreds of people of both sexes have seen you that way for the past hour. It’s a little late to complain now don’t you think? Besides, it seems like you should have thought of that before you decided to pull this little stunt. Maybe this will teach you a lesson you won’t soon forget.”

We all reluctantly decided to avoid jail. One by one we were each taken down to the sidewalk near the 4-lane street to where the pay phone was located and the sergeant dialed our home number as we remained handcuffed and then put the phone to our ear. This was off course way before cell phones were popular.

When it was my turn I could barely speak into the phone as my voice was quivering so. “Mom,” I said finally, “This is Carrie . . .” I quietly listened as she asked where I was and started to lecture me about being out so late. “Mom, listen, I need you to come and pick me up I’m sort of in a little bit of trouble . . .”

The Deputy took the phone away from my ear and continued talking to my mom. “Ma’am this is Sergeant Phillips of the Sherriff’s department. Your daughter has gotten herself into a situation . . . No, she is fine. She wasn’t in an accident. I think it best if you come down here and I’ll explain it all to you in person. It’s either that or I’ll have take her to jail tonight. Uh huh . . . okay, thank you.”

I could hear the anger in my mom’s voice even standing next to the Deputy as she gave her directions to where I was. Before she hung up I could distinctly hear my mom telling the officer that my dad would be right down.

That was all I need to hear – that my DAD was picking me up. He was going to see me naked! His sweet little girl who he thought the world of was caught acting and looking like a total slut. Maybe jail wasn’t such a bad idea after all.

Once all the calls were made we were allowed to sit in the backseat of her cruiser waiting for our parents to arrive.

Kristi seemed to handle the situation the best which was only natural a she was the most outgoing and liberal of the group. When her mom arrived to pick her up she kept her poise and remained calm as the sergeant explained what had happened. Her mom signed the paper and they both left. I could only hope that things went that well with me.

Susan, on the other hand started crying even before her parents arrived and kept on whimpering and sniffling the entire time the officer explained things to her parents. Her dad was absolutely furious and was carrying on so that for a time I was afraid he too would be hauled away like John had been.

Later after my friends had departed and I sat alone in the car awaiting my fate the sergeant asked me, “So, why did you do it? Do you like this sort of thing?”

“Um . . . I don’t understand. Do I like being arrested, put in handcuffs and humiliated in front of hundreds of people? Uh . . . NO, I don’t.” I snapped a bit sarcastically.

“Well, I meant have you ever streaked or run around naked before? And was it worth it?”

“No,” I replied softly. This was the first time. I guess I just went along with the crowd. It seemed like it was a fun idea at the time.”

“Tell me something,” she asked looking at me kindly, “and you don’t have to answer if you don’t want to but if you do answer honestly I think I can make things go easier for you when your dad arrives.”

“Okay . . .”

“What was it like? Were you aroused sexually or was it just something to do because you were bored?”

“Well, I guess I liked it, you know, woman to woman, it was very arousing. I guess that’s part of why I did it . . . you know . . . for the thrill.”

Just then my dad and my brother pulled up next to the cruiser. I can’t even begin to describe the look on my dad’s face when the sergeant pulled my nude, still handcuffed body out of the car. I’ll never forget the combination of shock, fear, and dare I say it, amusement that shown on his face as well as my brother’s.

True to her word the sergeant explained that I was duped by a group of friends into doing something that I shouldn’t have and that peer pressure was partly to blame. She said she thought I was a good kid that had been hanging around the wrong crowd. I was grateful for her intervention on my behalf as she had been all business with Kristi and Susan. I am pretty sure it was all because I was honest and shared with her in confidence that I had been aroused by it all. I guess it pays never to lie to the law.

Needless to say the ride home was humiliating. My dad just kept saying over and over, “I can’t imagine what your mother is going to say when I tell her what had happened.”

**A Prank Gone Wrong – Epilogue**
Many of you are probably wondering what parts of this story are actually true.

The story first appeared in The Tampa Tribune in 1990.

The newspaper account states that four high school teenagers, three girls and one boy, were arrested after going thru a Drive-Thru totally naked. Many customers witnessed the arrest and the site of the naked teenagers as they were handcuffed and kept outside exposed for some time as the officers conducted their investigation. The restaurant was open for business the entire time of the incident.

An Off-Duty Sherriff’s deputy had been hired by the restaurant to work on Friday nights for crowd control during the high school football season and happened to witness the teenagers’ prank. Officers suspected drugs or alcohol had played a part in the incident. The car owner’s refusal to allow a search of his vehicle led to the use of a drug sniffing dog. The dog reacted to the presence of drugs in the vehicle giving officers probable cause for a search. Marijuana was discovered in the vehicle and the driver of the car was arrested for possession with intent to distribute. The car was impounded after evidentiary Polaroid photos were taken of the vehicle and each of the suspects - who were all photographed in the nude. The girls were released to the custody of their parents. None of the suspect’s names were included in the article and neither was the name of the high school that they attended. The name of the street where the restaurant was located was included in the newspaper account as well as my story.

The father of one of the girls filed a formal complaint with the Sheriff’s Office after learning that his daughter was not only photographed several times in the nude but was made to stand outside exposed to many passersby causing her unnecessary humiliation and embarrassment.

Later, in a subsequent clipping from that same newspaper following–up on the story, a Sherriff’s office spokesman responded that after an investigation into the conduct of the officers handling the arrest had been made it was determined that no departmental policies had been violated. The situation evolved as a result of the principle suspect refusing to allow a search of the vehicle and the girls’ clothes were not in plain sight nor were they particularly cooperative with the investigation. Officers strongly suspected drug use and were afraid that the suspects would try and destroy potential evidence if allowed back into the vehicle.
Again, despite the seemingly incredible actions and to address the doubters, the officers really did take numerous Polaroid photos of all four of the teenagers in the nude. There was a big stink about it in my local paper for days with several letters to the editor criticizing as well as offering support for the practice. It seems that some people support anything the Police do if what they do happens to those suspected of a crime (sad but true.) I suppose nowadays it is akin to Police video taping everything from the dashboard of their cruisers - same difference I guess. It all goes to provide documentation of what happened.

The dad of one of the girls did file a complaint and there was an Internal Affairs investigation but in the end it was determined that nothing violated department policy.

I have several more newspaper articles of real-life embarrassing situations that made it into the press (not involving arrests) that I could try and write some fictional first person accounts for if there is enough interest. A Prank Gone Wrong was my first attempt at writing this sort of story based on something that really happened that piqued my curiosity.

Real Life situations always stimulate my senses and in this article I wondered how it all happened - what would it have been like to be there hence my attempt at a story. I hope it was entertaining.

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